Wichita Eagle

IMPROVED CORN CRIB.

Superior in Excellence and Utility to Other Buildings.

Mr. Horace Bradley, than whom there is no better authority on agricultural matters in Scott county Ia., was a caller at the Prairie Farmer office a few days since asking space in which to describe his corn crib. We have had an engraving made of the building and herewith present it.

Mr. Bradley has seen one or two cuts of corn cribs, and, as he expressed it, is satisfied that his own is superior in excellence and utility to any of them. His corn crib has a width of 26 feet and a length of 32 feet, with a depth of 12 feet, elevated above the ground some 5 feet and approached on either end by an inclined plane driveway. The driving area is 10 feet wide allowing 8 feet cribs on either side. At right angles to this driving area, in the exact center, is a narrow pathway, 3 feet in width, leading to a door opening upon the feeding platforms on either side of the crib, thus separating the interior into four distinct cribs 8x14½ feet each, with a capacity of about 650 bushels.

IMPROVED CORN CRIB.

The floor joists, extending on either side, form 3 feet wide platforms upon which four chutes operate, two on either side. These platforms are approached by stairs as shown in the cut.

Mr. Bradley claims that his corn crib is absolutely rat proof. Beneath its floor are hog shelters, and hogs and rats, like oil and water, are hostile properties.

On either side of this corn crib are hog pens 20x30 feet. A hot feed room containing a cauldron and a glucose tank is annexed to it, but for the sake of showing details, it is not shown in the cut. A good well is not more than a dozen feet distant, affording facilities in watering as the crib platforms do in feeding.

TIDY UP THE FARM.

Work That Requires But Little Time and Pays Well.

In traveling through the country, when a tidy-looking farm is passed, with fences in good order, buildings looking neat and trim, trees trimmed and clean, we know the resident is a person who takes pride and interest in his farming, and that it pays him to do it. It takes but a few days each year to keep the brush cut away from the fences, to nail up a board here and there that may have become loosened, to keep the fences up straight, with no weak places to tempt stock to press through into the owner's or neighbors' fields of grain or grass, to put the implements under shelter when not in use, to pick up boards lying about the barn and house, to trim the fruit trees and cut out all dead or dying branches, to mow the lawn at least once each year, to arrange all gates so that they will freely swing on their hinges, to have a well-kept garden, a good supply of small fruit, the pump in good working order, a good supply of dry wood under shelter, to keep the roadsides mowed and bushes cut down, to keep the outlet of expensive underdrains open, to clean out all open ditches, to look after the stock frequently. All these things take but a little time, and they increase the cash value of the farm. If you have, in the past, neglected these things, resolve that you will reform, and that strangers, in passing your door, may at least mentally say: "A good farmer resides there!" Possibly it will not allow as many leisure hours at the corner grocery, but others will take your place there, and you are adding to the worth of your earthly possessions, and to your standing as a man.—American Agriculturist.

A USEFUL HOOK.

Simple Device for Plowing Under Tall Growths of Crops.

For plowing under tall growths of all crops, including corn stover, cow peas and clover, I know of nothing so easy to use as a heavy hook such as shown in illustration. It should extend down

and out until its lower end is within five inches of the bottom of the furrow and close to the side of the land. This will turn under anything it can bend, in such a way that the moldboard will entirely hide it with earth before it can rise. It should be firmly bolted to the beam of a strong plow. Even bushes can be plowed under by using an extra heavy plow and three horses. —A. J. Simpson, in N. E. Homestead.

The Crossing of Hens.

It is too late in the season to attempt experiments in improving the utility of the flock of hens by judicious crossing, but plans looking to this end may very properly be thought up now. If eggs are the object the earliest-laying pullets should be kept track of for the next season's breeding pen. If good layers and meaty birds are wanted at the same time, judicious crossing is necessary. The writer remembers a flock of upward of a hundred square-breasted, good-sized pullets bred from light brahma hens and white leghorn males. They made excellent layers, were bright and active, pure white, and for table use could hardly be excelled. Properly cared for, these birds will make abundant winter layers.—Hartford Courant.

Misinformed.

Ah, Blank, is it you? I hear you're running a house of your own now."

"No," responded Blank sadly, "only married."—Kate Field's Washington.

Economical to the Last.

"Isn't old Skinflint dead yet, doctor?"

"Not he. He got an estimate on funeral expenses from an undertaker yesterday, and rallied. It costs too much to die, he says."—Brooklyn Life

COCKERILL'S LETTER.

Liquor Interests Fighting for World's Fair Sunday Closing.

A Trip Up the Sound to the Clubhouse of the Famous Americus Club—The Days of Tweed Recalled.

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One of the most interesting assemblages among quaint and unhackneyed surroundings that a visitor to the city or even a veteran New Yorker can see anywhere near the metropolis in midsummer is to be found in Prohibition park, on Staten Island. The great question which has been agitating many thousand minds during this "silly season," in whose midst we still find ourselves, is whether the Columbian exposition at Chicago should be closed on Sunday. Two powerful forces are being exerted from New York and its vicinity for closure. Prohibition park, in which many notable Americans gather every summer to speak and hear speeches in favor of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors, is now the seat of much prayerful endeavor to influence the managers of the fair, as the prohibitionists think, to cooperate with them against the "World's Fair Orgy," as Sunday opening is somewhat flippantly referred to, but shutting up the exposition on the one day upon which our prohibition friends seem to think the free and independent American citizen delights in getting drunk and enjoying himself. Gen. Weaver, the people's party candidate for the presidency; ex-Senator John J. Ingalls and Senator Roger Q. Mills, together with some of the most famous physicians of this city, are among the notable people whose philippics against the curse of rum have waked and are still waking the echoes of Prohibition park. The influence which New Yorkers of wealth and prominence are now exerting most powerfully in favor of the closing of the fair on Sunday may turn out to be inspired by the great brewing industries of this city. No organization is more complete and united and fruitful in resources than that which is called the "liquor interest." None is more tactful and farseeing in its methods. If, as some prohibitionists hear with vast astonishment, the organized distillers and brewers are their most powerful allies in the movement to shut up the fair on Sunday, and so drive visitors to the dives and drinking resorts of Chicago for amusement, no one need be surprised. But the liquor dealers do not hunt their quarry with a brass band.

At a notable little social gathering not long since in Arden Inn, on the south shore of Staten Island, a quaint and beautiful resort, whose walls, four feet in thickness and apparently built of indestructible stone, show the embrasures from which Dutch cannon frowned two hundred years ago over the quiet waters of Prince's bay, some famous medical men of New York were present. It is difficult for a writer to assure himself whether prominent doctors are more enraged or delighted by mention in print of their names and doings, so I will omit the names of those who lent professional celebrity to this particular occasion. But some things were said there well calculated to shock the man about town, the moderate drinker and the devotee of cocktails anywhere in this island land. It seems that at a medical congress, held in this very prohibition park, curiously enough, under the auspices of Dr. Orlando B. Douglas, president of the Medical society of the county of New York, Dr. L. D. Mason, consulting physician to the Fort Hamilton Asylum for Inebriates, and other well-known professional men here, the question as to whether alcohol was a food or poison was discussed in a way decidedly calculated to stimulate the curiosity of the laymen. Some of the papers read were upon these topics: "How to Deal with the Drunkard;" "In What Ways May a Physician Effectively Help to Stay the Ravages of Intemperance;" "Is Alcohol a Poison?" and "Should Alcoholic Stimulants Ever Be Taken Except Under the Direction of a Medical Adviser?" Even in the "silly season" the spectacle of a plain American citizen lugging his family physician around town with him and buying a prescription for $2 to $5 every time he wanted to buy a glass of beer or a cocktail is well calculated to promote the gayety of nations. But your teetotaler is deadly serious; he never seems to see a joke. There was very little in the newspapers here or elsewhere about the doings and sayings of this medical congress. It is a question whether scores of thousands of persons technically described as moderate drinkers would not have been drawn down to Prohibition park to drink in these medical discourses with wonder and alarm if half the things said at the supper table at Arden inn about the proceedings were founded in fact.

IS THERE POISON IN LIQUOR?

Dr. William H. Porter, who is professor of clinical medicine and pathology in the New York post graduate school and hospital, said in his paper:

"Each additional dose or portion of alcohol introduced into the body leaves the animal economy more poorly nourished and more quickly and positively depressed just so soon as the exhilarating effects of the alcohol have passed away. With each succeeding draught and its consequent depression the demands of the system for renewed stimulation are more and more urgent, until the final picture of the insane drunkard is presented to us. All the vital powers of the body are positively deteriorating until both the physical and mental courage is reduced to so low an ebb that all chance for restoration and recovery are nearly destroyed."

Dr. Porter mercifully, however, took the position that alcohol is not a poison per se, but should be classed as a medicine. He even went so far as to say that he thought it could be used with great advantage where the mental and physical powers had been much overtaxed, in cases of extreme exhaustion, so mighty are the powers of alcohol to call into action the reserve forces of the system. In many cases physicians have by the use of alcohol saved lives which must without its use have been sacrificed; but it should be regarded as a dangerous medicinal agent and be admitted under no circumstances to the common list of food stuffs for daily consumption. Alcohol, said he, should never be introduced into the system except in connection with disease processes or retrograde conditions! Here, however, is a crumb of comfort for the aged man about town. The judicious use of alcohol—by which, of course, the doctor must be taken to mean brandy, champagne, whisky, gin, old ale and other pleasant things—in persons of advancing years undoubtedly prolongs life.

Dr. J. Henry Carver, on the other hand, treated of alcohol as a poison and the propriety of ever taking it into the system "except under the direction of a medical adviser."

"In a healthy man," said Dr. Carver, "no more than an ounce of absolute alcohol can at one time be completely oxidized into its final products: carbon, bi-oxide and water."

This amount, he admitted, yields a certain quantity of nervous muscular and glandular force. "In convalescence from acute diseases, however, and in the sudden depression of the powers of life, caused by the bites of venomous snakes or by loss of blood or from serious injury, a quantity of alcohol which in a state of health would cause profound intoxication and damage may be taken with impunity. The extremes of life, infancy and old age, enable one to bear well a larger amount of alcohol, and, indeed, are often benefited by it." Gastric catarrh is one of the awful consequences which Dr. Carver described to his audience as resulting from tippling. "Digestion for a time," said he, "seems improved, but retrograde movements speedily follow; the cells shrink in size, newly formed connective replaces glandular activity and neither stomach nor liver can perform its functions."

But I am told that Dr. Parkes, who is one of the great scientific scientists of the world on the physical action of alcohol, says that the apparent heat of the body, after taking alcohol, must be owing to a subjective feeling, connected with the quickened circulation of the blood, rather than an actual rise in temperature. Or, in other words, it is only our imagination that makes us feel better after a so-called "cooling drink" in summer time, which is interesting if true. Dr. Dupre, also a great authority, makes an even more sensational statement to this effect: "After six weeks of total abstinence, and, indeed, even in the case of the teetotaler, a substance is eliminated from the body (in the breath, etc.) which, though apparently not alcohol, yet gives all the reactions ordinarily used for the detection of traces of alcohol." This is calculated to fill the plain prohibitionist mind with much sincere distress. But if people will talk about such things in hot weather, they might as well know the truth.

THEY WANT HIM TO "PUT UP."

In this correspondence recently I had something to say in regard to the wealth of this city, in which the statement was made, not at haphazard either, that $100,000,000 could be raised in New York in twenty-four hours for any legitimate business enterprise which would guarantee a profit of 4 per cent. It was stated to me that this sum could be obtained on the possibility of a safe investment on a 3½ per cent. basis, but I raised the interest to 4 per cent., and required that the profit be guaranteed in order to be entirely on the safe side should anyone suddenly make a demand upon me for the amount on a "sure thing;" in other words, require me to "put up or shut up." The paragraph has brought me some letters, not all from gentlemen who want the money right away, but from men who are apparently skeptical on the subject. A correspondent in West Summit, N. J., comes to the front with an enterprise which he says will require at least $10,000,000 to start on a really first-class basis; that is to say, to install and set a-going in a manner that would not make its friends ashamed to acknowledge it in public. He promises 4 per cent. profit the first year, and rather pins me down to the point of producing the cash in the specified twenty-four hours. This is a busy season with me, and I have not yet rushed around to see what I can do for the New Jersey gentleman. But I wish to repeat that my proposition is not based on wildcat information. I am assured that New York is rapidly becoming the richest city in the world, and anyone who keeps his eyes open can see evidence of this every day.

The assessment rolls of the city were recently completed for the year and sent to the board of aldermen to see what were the wishes of that august body with reference thereto. These rolls tell a story of wealth which reads like an eastern fable. The volume of the property in New York, including church property (which is exempt from taxation) may be placed at $6,200,000,000. If this money were piled up in one mountain it would cure all the sore eyes in this country and even relieve in a great measure the optical defects of Asia. And all this has accumulated in less than ninety years. There are half a dozen estates in New York either one of which pays more taxes than did the entire population ninety years ago. This is not a mere guess, but is shown by the records to be a fact. Another noteworthy fact is that about 120 individuals and estates own one-eighth of the entire property value on Manhattan island. The figures upon which this statement is made can be found on the assessment rolls by anyone who takes the trouble to look them up. The names of the persons who own this vast aggregate are duly set forth in a good, legible hand, with amount of taxes paid by each, where the doubting may be convinced.

The Astors are not the largest taxpayers in the city, as is often asserted. This year they will pay taxes on $21,000,000, while the Vanderbilts will pay on $30,460,000. The Vanderbilt assessment is largely increased by the New York Central & Hudson River railroad property inside the city limits and therefore open to the gaze of the Argus-eyed tax man. The next heavy taxpayers are: The Consolidated Gas Company, $22,000,000; Mr. Gould's Manhattan Elevated railroad, $20,000,000; the R. and O. Goelet estate, $6,670,000; Lorillard family, $6,550,000; Equitable Life Insurance Company, $6,800,000, and so on up to 120 separate individuals, estates and firms that own one-eighth of the entire city of New York, the elevated railroads above New York and the subways beneath New York. This gathering in and gobbling up, so to speak is not the pleasant phase of this topic by any means, but it is one that we cannot ignore. And in all likelihood it is one that some day in the not very dim and distant future may require serious consideration. The simple everyday desire and attempt of one man to get possession of and distribute the wealth which some other fellow has does not seem to meet the requirements of the case. "Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." It was not added, "and may the Lord have mercy on his soul;" but it might have been. "Him that hath not" and is billed to lose even that ought to have some surety as to his immortal soul. But this is getting away from the problem of the centralization of capital. It is, however, a question that cannot be disposed of in one paragraph, anyhow.

IN THE AMERICUS CLUB PARLORS.

Sailing up the sound some days ago with a party of friends—and, by the way, if there is a prettier body of water in the world than Long Island sound I should like to know where it is located—we rounded in at Indian Harbor, which is the port of entry, so to speak, of Greenwich, Conn. The handsome summer hotel which stands on a beautiful and commanding position on the harbor was at one time the clubhouse of the famous Americus club, of which Tweed in the days of his glory was the prime factor. On the floor of the main parlor there is a carpet which was made for the Americus club more than twenty years ago, and which is to-day almost as bright in its colors as it was the day it was put down. In the center of this carpet there is a flowery ring, in garish red, and a beautiful copy of the Americus badge, which consisted of the tiger's head. The name of the club is woven in, and the head of the tiger has the ferocious snarl which distinguishes the symbol of Tammany to-day in the cartoons. One of the corner rooms now used by the hotel people was especially fitted up for Boss Tweed, and here we find the tiger head of the Americus club carved in wood on the window fittings and mantelpieces. In the office of the hotel there is a large photograph of a group of the Americus gentlemen taken on the front piazza of the clubhouse. I studied it carefully to see whether I could find any of the potential men of the Tammany Hall of to-day in the group. There was not one that I could recognize. The picture of Tweed in this group is a very good one indeed. At the time it was taken, some twenty years ago or more, Mr. Tweed had not grown stout, and his beard and hair were still dark. He had a very benign appearance, and he is really the only man of character or consequence in the group. In their boating costumes and general negligee these sons of Americus resembled in the picture very much a gang of western cowboys and plainsmen. If I had had with me on this occasion some of the local politicians whose memories go back thirty years, they could doubtless have pointed out the various members of this group who, after looting the city for years, died in exile, in prison or in distress. One has but to stand here upon this spot, contemplating Mr. Tweed and his band of freebooters, to understand something of the mutation of politics, and the natural inquiry arises in the mind: "Is history to repeat itself in New York?" To saunter through this great hotel parlor, resting the eye occasionally on the tiger's head of the Americus club, is to be reminded of Thomas Nast, the artist, who very justly claims to have fastened upon Tammany and its cohorts the symbol of the fierce tiger. Nast and his pencil were great factors in the overthrow of the Tweed ring, back in the seventies, and the whole country became pretty well familiarized with the beast of the jungles which he introduced into our politics. It is there today. Speaking of Nast, I saw him standing abstractly on the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Broadway the other morning, as though waiting for an inspiration or a street car. He is beginning to show his age very much. His hair and his Vandyke beard are tinged with that shade of gray which indicates an early blossoming into the snowy white of old age. Aside from some sporadic cartoon work which he does he is concentrating his energies upon a weekly newspaper here which his son is publishing. It is a rampant free-trade organ, and, of course, highly mugwumpian in its attributes. Nast has revived an interest in himself through the cartoon contest which he is carrying on with the well-known artist, Baron de Grimm, in the Herald. De Grimm is a charming German, who was sent over from Paris by Mr. Bennett some seven or eight years ago to make drawings for his evening paper. He came on a contract of $10,000 per year. He did some excellent work on the Telegram for a year, and then began general work as an illustrator of magazines and periodicals. He picks up a very comfortable income also from the theaters here making designs for fancy operatic and ballet costumes. He is about 45 years of age, and he has all the ebullient spirits and mannerisms of a boy of 20. He is a most companionable fellow, and his efforts at after-dinner speaking are delightfully entertaining. Although he has been here some seven years, he is not yet able to "wrestle with the vernacular," as the boys put it. He is a splendid artist, and I am inclined to back him in his contest with Nast.

JOHN A. COCKERILL.

Guilt and Innocence.

First Little Boy—You're a bad, wicked boy; you play marbles for keeps.

Second Little Boy—So do you.

First Little Boy—Yes, but you win.—Good News.

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

Do NOT think that you can throw an untrained collie into the midst of a flock of sheep, and not create a rumpus. The collie knows how to manage sheep only when he is taught to manage them.

IT is claimed by some that sheep husbandry, when it has been perfectly managed, has been the most profitable branch of live stock within the present generation. We are inclined to think so, too, but have not the statistics on hand to prove it.—Farmers' Voice.

A Biological Institute at Jamaica.

The most practical and probably the most useful proposal yet made to commemorate the discovery of the new world was discussed by a meeting of philosophers and laymen interested in the progress of science, assembled at the residence of Lord Brassey at London. The proposal made was that an "observatory of marine biology" be founded on the island of Jamaica as an English contribution to the memorial celebrations of the present year. "No such observatory," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "having yet been established within the tropics scientific results of great interest and importance might be expected from such an institution." It is hoped that the scheme may be carried out successfully.

THE MAN OF FASHION.

He Will Wear His Coats Long and Close-Fitting This Year.

A Very Decided Change in Styles—The New Ulster and Ulster Hat—Sack Coats and Cutaways All Longer—Styles in Overcoats.

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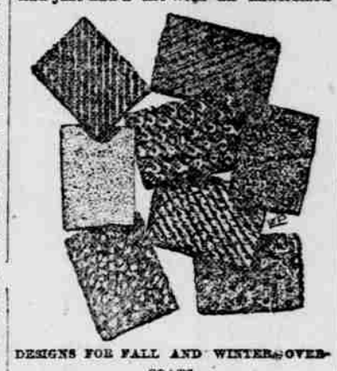
The man of fashion always has his clothes made out of season. That is, in the way of attire he is a creature of the most painstaking forethought. Whimsical in many things he is all-knowing when it comes to the time to order a season's wear and styles. So this year the English tailors have sent over their fall and winter cards of styles and goods, and the man of fashion is taking many a run up from the seashore or down from the mountains or away from the inland lakes to pick out the very best in the way of fall suits, in the way of fall overcoats and even to take a look into the latest in undergarments.

I dropped in on a fashionable Fifth avenue tailor the other day and found him in the midst of a quandary. He had just had a tilt with an undersized



DESIGNS FOR FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS.

customer, who objected seriously to the long cut of the single-breasted cutaways.

"I know," said he, "that the new style will be unbecoming to small men, but it is the dictum of London fashion, and you know the old adage: 'One might as well be out of the world as out of style.'"

The tall man will, I think, like the new styles. They are longer in cutaway and sack coats, overcoats, top coats, ulsters and as well in reception and dress coats. The double-breasted frock coat will be made short waisted, extending in length well below the knee, but fitting very tightly about the body and anything but baggy. The collar will be a low roll, the lapel faced with silk or satin. The buttons will be of the cloth of which the coat is made, and five buttons on each sleeve will be the thing. Braids are not in style.

At one fashionable tailor's I was shown the goods ordered by B. S. Garmendia, who is anything but showy in

A NOVELTY IN NECKTIES.

his attire. He had ordered the coat in a soft-finished dark blue, and another in black diagonal. For the vest to go with the coat he had picked out some very pretty cassimeres in blue and gray. The style in the garment will be double breasted, the roll to correspond with that of the coat.

In single-breasted wear the style is on the same general plan, long and rather tight-fitting. There are orders for these in diagonals, cassimeres and in a mass of fine-faced goods. There will be an outside breast-pocket in this as in the double-breasted. The sleeves in both styles will be cut rather narrow, following out the original conception of departing as far as possible from the "flopping and baggy" fashion of the past few seasons.

Sack coats will be thirty-two inches for a man five feet eight in height and proportionately shorter or longer for

THE NEW SEAMLESS, THE LONG AND THE FUR-LINED FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS.

the various normal heights above and below that average.

The cloths are about the same as those used last fall, there being the same objection to anything loud, or flashy, either in checks or plaids. They will be in single-breasted style, although the double-breasted will be allowable. In sack coats, however, this latter style has seen its best days and they are placed on the fashion cards simply because a few of the English fashion leaders persist in wearing them whether they are just the thing or not.

But we will have the crease with us as of yore. Trousers will be cut straight with a medium circle at the knee and a little wider swath at the foot. But the bagging is avoided to some extent only.

Of course, with the long coats, the overcoat, too, will require more material in length. I saw five styles ordered by Banker Tewksbury, the gentleman with the twenty thousand dollar bachelor apartment, and they were in Melton, rough-faced cheviot and in light gray fine-faced material, the last named for early wear. The styles are double-breasted, with four buttons, lap seams three-quarters of an inch wide, raw edges with double row of stitching and velvet collar. And this also the general style of the close-fitting garment is followed and the coats will be cut slightly to the figure.

Ulsters will be fashionable this winter. They will be made of fine Irish frieze or rough-faced cheviots, and as a novelty the cap worn with it will be of like material.

While the man of fashion will adjust himself easily to the quiet colors in his wearing apparel, he will have a splendid opportunity to revel in bright designs when it comes to a selection of late and fashionable fall and winter neckwear. The shades are as fixed as the Paris or London fashions each year, and are the creations of "La Chambre Syndicale des Fleurs et Plumes." One of the leading effects, one that will make a hit everywhere, is the new two-color ground weaves. These give a shimmering and changeable effect that is very pretty. The grounds are of two colors divided into scales like those on the fish, and are worked in the following combinations: Black and griselidis, black and bedoin, black and criquet. The combinations are exquisitely blended, and over the grounds the relief effects are broche, faconne and Jacquard. The color is worked in fine soft silk. The new criquet, a myrtle, is given great prominence. It comes in different shades, ranging from the light green seen on the salad leaf to the darker tone of the champagne bottle. Gloriana is accorded a very prominent place in the new silks for neckwear. This is a terra cotta shade, used in grounds as well as relief effects. In the former it is relieved by black and white and contrasting colors. Attila is a new prime shade, a dark rich purple. The old reliable blues have come out in all the old shades, with the addition of at least one newcomer that promises well. This is a Clochette, a foulard blue, a trifle lighter than the famous Bond street. A new dark shade is called Burgunde.

In effects there is an unmistakable tendency to break away from all the old ideas. This is shown in the great prevalence of so-called "broken-up" designs. Shapes in neckwear have not been shown yet, but it is predicted there will be little change.

ALBERT EDWARD TYRRELL.

FISHES THAT BUILD NESTS.

The "Gouramis" of Cochin China, Which Make Houses for Their Young.

"One of the queerest fishes in the world is the 'gouramis,'" said an ichthyologist to a Star reporter. "It is native to the fresh waters of Cochin China, farther India, Java, Sumatra and Borneo. Specimens have been known to attain a length of six feet and a weight of one hundred and ten pounds. The flesh is so delicious that efforts have been made to acclimatize the creature in many other countries, but thus far these attempts have been successful only on the island of Mauritius. About thirty of them were imported into the island of Cuba and planted in ponds some years ago, but although they grew and were healthy they did not breed. Accordingly, after awhile the prospects for propagating the species became so hopeless that the governor had them served up one by one upon his table upon state occasions. The same difficulty has been met with elsewhere.

"The 'gouramis' are chiefly remarkable for the fact that they build nests like birds. At the breeding season they pair off, each couple selecting a spot among water plants and forming a nearly spherical nest, composed of a peculiar kind of floating weed which grows in tufts on the surface of the ponds, and plastered with mud. The nest is usually about six inches in diameter, its construction occupying the fishes for five or six days. Where they are propagated their task is made easier by placing in the water branches of bamboo, to which bunches of the grass referred to are attached. The gouramis take this grass and with it make their nest in the submerged branches of bamboo. When it is finished the female deposits her eggs in it to the number of from eight hundred to one thousand.

"While the eggs are undergoing the process of incubation the parents guard the nest watchfully, rushing fiercely at any intruder, and this care for the safety of their young is continued until after the latter are hatched. During infancy the young ones find refuge in the nest from a thousand dangers which would otherwise threaten them, and the grass composing the nest furnishes them with their earliest food. When they are a few days old the small fry begin to make short excursions from the nest, always in charge of their parents and swimming together in a shoal. This is continued until they are able to look after themselves."—Washington Star.

His Way.

"Don't be angry, old fellow—it's only my way."

"Well, I wish you'd emulate the babes in the woods."

"How?"

"Love your way. It's no good."—Puck.

How Young Housekeepers Learn.

"You charge fifteen cents for these berries, while up street two blocks they are selling the same fruit at ten cents. How is this?"

And the young housewife looked searchingly at the dealer with her keen gray eyes.

The man faltered an instant and then, boldly meeting the sharp orbs of the inquirer, replied in a firm voice: "These are hand-picked berries, madam."

"I beg your pardon," she said meekly. "That being the case, give me three quarts, please!"—Detroit Free Press.

Love's Quandary.

She (on her bridal tour)—Oh, Dan, I'm so unhappy.

Dan—Why, what is the matter, darling?

She—If I am as much to you as you say, you can't be sorry your first wife died, and that makes you too brutal for me to love.—Life.

Matched But Not Mated.

Grafton—I can't see why Hardup wears patent-leathers with that worn-out suit of his.

Wiggins—Oh! it's a good match; his coat shines almost as brightly as the shoes do.—Harper's Bazar.